Bathroom Break by PuffyPhantom

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Summary:

Tucker sneaks away from class to get a break from the restrictions Mayor Vlad Masters put in place at Casper High. The boy's bathroom should be a

sufficient place to hide, he thinks. However, he soon finds himself in a tricky situation when he realizes he's not the only one who planned a "bathroom break".

Relationships: Danny Fenton/Vlad Masters

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Bathroom Break

Author's Note:

> My first fic! I'm not a writer by any means, and my grasp on literature is definitely not the strongest, so I apologize for any errors—grammatical or otherwise. I might come back and make some edits, but I'm overall okay with how this turned out.
>
> Thanks for reading!

Ahh…sweet, sweet, technology. How I missed thee.

Tucker rubbed the small screen of his PDA against his cheek, relishing the cool temperature of its hard plastic shell in his hands. If he wasn't so distracted, he'd be wary about how much trouble he'd be in if it was discovered that he snuck out of class to get his technology fix in the stall of an empty boy's bathroom.

Could he be blamed, though? Ever since the new mayor of Amity Park, Vlad Masters, decided to implement some nonsensical rules at Casper High, Tucker has been totally on edge. School lunches with hardly any meat, unflattering uniforms that did his good looks no favors, and worst of all—a complete technology ban. The madman somehow concluded that a lack of technology would be an improvement to their school's curriculum, so he got rid of anything and everything that so much as made a beep!

Well, everything except those spy cameras hanging around in the hallways. Luckily for Tucker, hacking into the security system was no problem, and disabling the cameras was a piece of cake. Just because Vlad Masters was old school didn't mean Tucker had to be. He was prideful in the fact that he had managed to surreptitiously pack away his favorite PDA in a secret compartment in his bag. The only problem was he couldn't be seen in public with it, lest the higher-ups confiscate it and give him a lifetime's worth of detention.

So, there he was, sitting on the toilet seat cover in the farthest stall in the restroom and entertaining himself with his personal digital assistant. He smirked, reenabling the live feed to the cameras. He didn't want the security guards to get too suspicious, and he didn't need them off while he was in hiding anyway. By some miracle, Vlad had the decency to not install any in the bathrooms, so there was nothing to worry about.

Hah! Nobody beats Tucker Foley at his own game!

Tucker opened the messaging app next and started typing out a message to Sam. At least her parents were rich enough to convince a certain few to go against the mayor's orders and allow her to carry a cellphone even on school grounds. He sent a short greeting, tapping away at the screen of the device when he was startled by the squeak of the main bathroom door opening and the sound of some footsteps pattering against the tiled floor.

"These clothes are so stupid! They look so uncool…and they kind of itch."

Danny?

Tucker snickered quietly to himself, inwardly agreeing to his friend's comment. Looks like he wasn't the only one who needed a "*bathroom break*". He had only planned to stay for a few minutes but thought that this would be a great time to hang around with Danny for a bit and complain to each other about how ridiculous the latest school rules were…and about the *maniac* that came up with them. With that plan in mind, he happily got up from his seat and reached for the door lock to greet his best friend.

"Oh please, Daniel, they're much better than those rags you're always wearing."

Tucker's smile was immediately wiped away from his face. He stopped moving, hand stilling on the lock's handle.

Huh? Is that…Vlad? What's he doing here?

"Whatever, Vlad. I know you're only doing this because you enjoy watching me suffer," Danny said sarcastically.

“No, what could’ve possibly made you come to that conclusion?” Vlad replied with a playful tone to his voice.

Oh no, they’re arguing—which means a fight is coming up! But, in the boy’s bathroom? Couldn’t they take this outside? Whatever—I better help Danny! But what can I do?

Not wanting Vlad to be aware of his presence, Tucker quietly leaned forward to peep through the small gap at the edge of the stall door. He had to see where exactly Vlad was and what he was doing so he could come up with the best course of action to help Danny get the upper hand.

Danny was facing the sinks, looking at himself in the mirror while messing around with his tie. Vlad was just a couple of feet away from him, staring at Danny’s reflection with his hands clasped behind his back. Tucker was… confused. The whole situation didn’t *appear* like it was threatening to turn violent anytime soon. If anything, it simply looked like a couple of people chatting casually.

But why would they be doing that? They’re enemies!

“Actually, I think they look quite flattering on you, little badger.” Vlad moved closer to Danny, standing right next to him and placing a hand on his shoulder. Tucker didn’t fail to notice the man’s cunning smirk in the mirror. He kept watching them through the narrow opening of his stall with a concerned stare, trying to see through the oddly friendly demeanor Vlad was putting on.

“I look like a total loser,” Danny muttered with a frown, leaving his tie alone and impatiently pulling at his dress pants next. “And they really do kind of itch.”

In a huff, Vlad turned their bodies around, their chests were almost touching from the close proximity. The hand on Danny’s shoulder settled on the small of his back, bringing him closer still so that their lower halves pressed up against each other.

Tucker’s face warmed up.

Uhh…

“You look charming,” Vlad reiterated with an uncharacteristically gentle smile. “But if they’re causing you discomfort, maybe I can help give you a short break from them?”

The hand on Danny’s lower spine moved slyly downwards to grab his backside, the action causing Tucker to recoil sharply from the sight. The hairs at the back of his neck stood up and an uncanny feeling began to overcome him.

That creep! What does he think he’s doing? And why isn’t Danny attacking him?

“You fruit loop, I knew this was the reason you pulled me out of class.” Danny smiled back at Vlad and pulled the hand away from him, lowering his voice as he continued to speak. “I don’t know, though. What if someone…?”

Huh? What did he say?

“I made sure to lock the door after I stepped in.” Vlad settled his hands on Danny’s hips. “And just for good measure, I also made an announcement to the faculty and staff earlier that this specific restroom would be out of order, and no one is to step near until *I* can get rid of the ghosts that are haunting the stalls here.” He finished with a pleased grin.

Tucker cringed and mentally slapped himself for not heeding the “*Out of Order*” sign posted outside of the main door. How could he have known that the sign was to serve *this* purpose, anyway? Whatever *this* was! In his case, he didn’t need a working toilet—he just wanted a private place to enjoy some alone time with his PDA, *not* to witness whatever was going on at the sinks at the moment. Tucker’s mind started racing, questions popping up left and right with no answers in sight.

Danny’s short laugh filled the bathroom. “Wow, you really planned this out, didn’t you?” He sounded unimpressed, but that didn’t stop him from leaning forward and wrapping his arms around Vlad’s neck.

Danny—dude, what're you doing?

"Well, it's not a complete lie now, is it? There *are* ghosts in here. And I am more than prepared to…" Vlad looked up, as if thinking what to say next before he leered down at Danny. "*Handle* the situation." He finished slowly, tilting Danny's face up with a thumb and forefinger on his chin.

What's he talking about? Oh man, this can't be good…I don't get it, why is Danny letting that jerk feel him up like that? Why is he hugging him back? Why—?

"You think you're smooth, don't cha, old man?" Danny's voice steered Tucker's attention back to the conversation, momentarily breaking him free from his internal argument.

He anxiously focused on the duo again, watching the space between their faces getting narrower and narrower. A hand snapped to Tucker's mouth, stifling a very surprised gasp, reeling in shock and confusion at what he was observing in that instant with his very own eyes—Vlad and Danny had begun to kiss right there in front of the sinks and, unknowingly, in front of *him*.

Tucker immediately turned away from the scene, eyes wide in disbelief with his hand still covering his mouth, leaving him to breathe unsteadily through his nose. His glasses fogged up, and he scrunched his eyes shut, trying to erase the image he had just witnessed from his memory bank. But even doing that didn't help as he was still able to hear the soft gasps coming from Danny and the sounds of lips smacking echoing throughout the bathroom hall.

No way! This isn't happening! This can't be real! I gotta be dreaming. I gotta—I gotta tell Sam!

Tucker bit his bottom lip, faintly registering the taste of iron. His extremities were going numb, and he clumsily detached the stylus from his PDA to open the messaging app. He mentally chastised himself when his hand wouldn't stop shaking, struggling to follow his commands. To make things worse, the private conversation unfolding beyond his stall kept

distracting him, forcing Tucker to prioritize his hearing and take in every word the two were saying.

“We must make this quick, however. I don’t want you skipping your math class. Heaven knows how awful your grades are.”

“Well, maybe we wouldn’t have to be in such hurry if you decided to wait until *after* school.”

“Unfortunately, my mayoral duties forbid such pleasant endeavors. And your annoying little friends would surely get in the way of things.”

Hey! I’m right here y’know!

“My friends aren’t annoying!”

Yeah, his friends aren’t annoying! Crud, you gotta focus, Tuck!

“Ooh, great rebuttal, Daniel. I retract my statement.”

“Jerk. So, you’d rather have me fail my literature test then? Mr. Lancer doesn’t like it when his students miss his class for any reason. That includes unexpected visits from you, *Mr. Mayor.*”

“I’ll be sure to have a word with your teacher so he can reschedule a date for you to retake the exam.”

“Lame.”

They stopped talking and Tucker remained hidden away in the corner of the stall, not daring to make a sound as he listened to them kissing and shuffle around. The tip of his stylus hadn’t moved from the corner of the PDA’s screen since he opened the messaging app, cognitive impairment taking hold of him. He couldn’t believe what he was hearing, and what he *saw*.

Danny making out with his archnemesis, *Vlad Masters?* And what did they mean by being in a hurry? In a hurry for what, exactly? This was a nightmare that Tucker was more than ready to wake up from.

“Turn around for me, little badger.”

“Okay…”

There was the sound of metal clinking and clothes rustling. Tucker idly wondered what they were doing now, really hoping it wasn’t what he thought it was. But the noises he heard next only added more fuel to the ever-growing fire of his unfavorable suspicions.

Giving up on sending Sam a message as well, he put the PDA in rest mode and clutched it close to his chest. Even after all the crazy things they’ve been through, Tucker couldn’t even think of what to say to her regarding *this* situation. Would she even believe him if he told her? If Tucker were in her shoes, he knew he wouldn’t—who *would*?

Even if she did believe me, this is Vlad we’re talking about here! What would she be able to do anyway? And what about Danny?

A surprised squeak that Tucker could only imagine coming from Danny reached his ears. “Is there any way you can warm that stuff up before using it?” He sounded somewhat annoyed, voice a pitch slightly higher than usual.

“I could, but with my abilities it would be like hot, melted wax on bare skin.”

“Ouch, forget I asked then.”

Tucker strained his hearing with squinted eyes. His mouth formed a hard line when he heard a faint, squelchy, wet noise and someone inhaling sharply. Vlad started to speak again, but Tucker couldn’t make out the words he was saying. What he could make out, however, were the small whimpers that started coming from Danny.

“I-I think that’s enough,” Danny said quietly, sounding impatient and out of breath.

“Are you certain?”

“Not really, but we’re kinda on a time crunch here.”

“I concur.”

More metal jingling and fabrics rustling. There was some scraping across the floor that Tucker was almost positive the sound was caused by someone’s shoes scuffing against the tiles. His vision was getting blurry, and his head started to spin at what Vlad said after.

“Spread your feet a bit more, Daniel.”

Oh man, this has got to be some kind of sick joke! Maybe there’s a different ghost behind all this—what if Danny is being mind-controlled somehow? I always knew Vlad was a creep, but not like this!

An undignified moan reverberated off the walls, seizing Tucker’s thoughts and casting them away. He gritted his teeth and dared himself to take another peek. Whether it was to confirm what he was thinking was real, or to satiate his natural human instinct of curiosity, he didn’t know anymore. In the end, none of it mattered as all rational thoughts were thrown out the window when he ultimately willed himself to look.

Tucker froze in place there at the door, eyes wide in horror and mouth agape in shock.

Danny was leaning over at the waist, the side of his face was resting on his arms that were crossed over the sink’s countertop. His tie was untucked from his knitted vest, hanging loosely off the edge of the counter, and his dress pants and boxers were pooled at his ankles. Vlad was standing right behind him, the waistband of his own slacks barely hanging on to his hips.

Tucker’s breath got stuck in his throat, and he started shaking. He wanted so badly to move away, but something wouldn’t let him. His inner voice was telling him to flee, yet his body ignored all the warnings, keeping him planted there like a deer in the headlights.

“Are you ready?” Vlad asked, holding Danny’s bare hip with one hand. The angle they were at obstructed Tucker’s view of his other hand, but he was

positive he didn’t want to see where it was or what it was doing anyway.

Danny let out a shaky sigh. “As I’ll ever be...”

Vlad inched his waist forward after that, and they both hissed in unison. Even though Tucker couldn’t make out his friend’s face from his perspective, he was able see his body tensing up as Vlad kept pushing his hips towards him. The hand on Danny faltered slightly, moving to grip the top of his thigh but letting go soon after to caress the skin there instead.

Tucker remained at a complete loss about what to think.

“Try to relax, Daniel.” Vlad said in an unfamiliar soothing voice.

“I am trying! It’s not easy getting used to a guy’s *thing* going up my butt, y’know?” Danny exclaimed.

A what going up his where? Did I hear that right? Are they really gonna—? No! No, no, no, no, no!

“I’ll start off slow.”

Vlad let out a breath and started to ease his hips forward and back—as he specifically mentioned he would—Tucker noted for some oddly troubling reason. Everything sounded incredibly loud to him, and the visuals were getting etched clearly in his eyes. It was all registering so well in his head. *Too* well.

The sound of metal clinking started up again, more quietly this time. Tucker involuntarily learned that it was coming from Vlad’s belt buckle jingling around along with his movements. Airy breaths, shallow groans, and stifled moans filled the bathroom as they continued, and Tucker struggled to swallow the lump stuck in his throat. His hands and feet were getting increasingly numb with each passing second, and his heart was beating so hard against his chest he thought everyone in the room would be able hear it if it wasn’t for the obscene sounds drowning it out.

Danny’s breath hitched when Vlad suddenly stopped moving. The man’s groin was practically digging into him judging by how he forced Danny back into a disturbingly fervent thrust before he stopped. Keeping his grip on Danny, hips in place where they were connected, Vlad grinded down and leaned himself forward to lick and suck the back of Danny’s neck.

Tucker caught the motion of the hand not on Danny’s hip going over and around his waist before being hidden from view. He grimaced, thinking that Danny’s disconcerting position didn’t look very comfortable, not with his shaking legs spread as far as they could and his back arching. But Danny’s only complaint, if there was any, was lost in another broken moan.

“Danny…”

Hearing his friend’s nickname name whispered out from Vlad awoke something within Tucker that snapped him out of whatever spell he was under. He moved away from the door, cautiously stepping backwards until his back laid flat against the cold bathroom wall.

Okay. Breathe, Tuck. Just breathe. I’m sure there’s a crazy explanation for all this, or maybe there isn’t, but for now, you just gotta lay low.

“Mmn…”

“Feeling better?” Vlad asked breathily, his tone noticeably deeper.

“Yeah…”

Someone hummed and the metallic clinking returned. It was a minimal jingle at first, mixed in with more awkward squelching. After a couple of minutes of soft breaths and shallow grunts, the noises increased in rhythm. Claps of skin slapping against skin gradually got louder, replicating the intensity of Danny’s eager sounding moans.

“Vlad, f-feels good…”

Tucker moved to cover his ears, believing he’s heard far more than he needed to at that point—

Crud! Oh no. Oh no!

A sudden trio of short, rapid beeps fired away from his PDA. Tucker panicked and grit his teeth while he fumbled with the device to turn it completely off. He got a glimpse of Sam's name before the screen went blank, and he stood there, immobile as a stone statue, with clammy hands holding the object like a vise. The sounds from outside his stall came to another abrupt halt, where only labored breathing could be heard after. Tucker struggled to remain still. The room was starting to spin, making him nauseous and causing him to sway slightly on his feet. He snapped his gaze down to his dress shoes while he waited for what must've been the longest five seconds to ever pass.

"Huh…What's up?" Danny asked, panting as if he had just finished running a marathon.

After a tense pause, Vlad began to speak. "Oh, nothing." He sighed, sounding nostalgic. "Just wanted to appreciate the view, is all."

Phew…I mean—Ew.

"Oh man, you're so corny…it's kinda embarrassing," Danny puffed out.

"Don't act like you don't love it," Vlad teased.

Tucker heard the movements starting up again and relief washed over him in one enormous, smooth wave, littering his skin with goosebumps. He was still incredibly disturbed, but at least his cover wasn't blown.

"I-I don't…"

"What's that? Are you telling me you've suddenly become shy, Daniel? You gave me the impression that you enjoyed being humiliated."

"What?" Danny let out an irritated sounding breath. "No, why would I?"

"Well, why else would you allow me to have my way with you in the bathroom of a public school, where anyone could waltz right in at any given time?"

Tucker could hear the wicked smile in Vlad's voice.

"Y-you said you locked the door! And that announcement you made—"

"You actually believed me?" Vlad let out a breathless chuckle. "And what if that sign on the door mysteriously disappeared after I came in, hmm?"

"That's not funny, Vlad," Danny argued. A hint of anger laced his words.

"No, I suppose not. But it would be if your little friend unsuspectingly walked in on us, wouldn't it?"

"What're you talking about—"

"Tucker, I think his name is. Am I right?"

A sharp, quiet intake of breath sliced through the air and Tucker's consciousness slowly caught up to realize it came from his own dry mouth. His blood ran cold, a sinking sensation quickly settled in his gut as the question remained open in the heavy air.

Danny didn't respond, though, either too busy trying to digest the sudden out-of-place question or distracted by *other* things. Tucker didn't care to be informed, fully occupied with the task of attempting to calm his racing heart along with the insistent ringing in his ears— petrified and stricken from the mere mention of his name coming from Vlad's mouth.

He…knows…

Vlad didn't wait for a reply, continuing Danny's bewilderment *and* Tucker's torture. "He seems like a good kid, innocent enough. What would he think if he saw his close friend getting *fucked* by who he still thinks is your archenemy?"

Tucker flinched at the curse, Vlad's sudden use of crude language catching him off guard.

"Vlad, I swear if you don't shut—ah!"

Danny!

Tucker’s body jerked when he heard Danny’s distressed yelp. Something deep within him had snapped— his visceral need to know if his closest friend wasn’t hurt swiftly overcame his fear. He stumbled forward to the narrow, open slit of his bathroom stall, almost uncaring of any sound he made that could’ve given his position away.

But as soon as his vision was able to focus, his breathing all but stopped and his stomach churned in revulsion—he shouldn’t have looked.

Vlad had turned Danny over and hoisted him up on the countertop beside the sink. With their bodies still connected, his big hands clutched his small waist to secure him in place while Danny’s forearms laid flat on the counter’s surface, keeping himself propped up.

At this angle, Tucker was able to see *everything*.

He saw how Danny’s dress pants were hanging off one shaky leg, with his socks and shoes still on. How loose his tie was and how wrinkled his mandatory uniform had become. How flushed and debauched his face looked, shining faintly against the light from a thin layer perspiration.

And then he saw Vlad starting to move his hips again.

“I’d be so jealous, *Danny*,” Tucker didn’t miss the way Vlad purred out his friend's nickname, “allowing yourself to be seen by others behaving in such a licentious way.”

“Wha—I don’t even k-know what that means,” Danny breathed out, eyes glossy and unfocused.

Vlad grunted, his movements getting rougher. “Of course you don’t. You’re only fourteen. You’re still a *child*. Does that excite you, Daniel? Having sex with an older man while all the other kids your age are busy doing their class work? Or, at least, that’s what they *should* be doing,” he said pointedly, every word lashing out and biting like an angry, venomous snake.

“What’re you saying? You’re the one who came looking for me,” Danny retorted with a bemused whine.

But Tucker got the awful impression that Vlad wasn’t talking about *Danny* being absent from class.

He lingered there, watching and listening, fear amongst a list of other things keeping him paralyzed in place.

Danny gazed up at Vlad with his tongue peeking through his panting mouth, face seemingly warped with something more than just confusion.

Vlad didn’t say anything afterwards. Instead, he let out a short breathless laugh, seemingly void of any good-hearted joy, and leaned down to capture Danny’s lips with his own in a messy, raunchy kiss. One that Danny, by the looks of it, was all too enthusiastic to respond in kind.

Strands of Danny’s pitch-black hair had begun to stick to his reddened face, damp with sweat. In another context, it wouldn’t appear so provocative. In fact, he looked identical to how Tucker remembered him after an exhausting hour of running laps out in the football field.

Tucker balled his hand up into a tight fist, and a sudden pang in his chest made him wince in discomfort.

Vlad shifted once more, breaking the kiss off and standing up straight. In a rush, he removed Danny’s bottoms and brought his feet, still covered by his socks and shoes, up and over his shoulders. His arm wrapped around his thighs, holding them close, forcing Danny to stay in place with every violent push of his hips.

Danny’s head lolled to the side all the while—brows knitted together and eyes firmly squeezed shut, as though he was concentrating—lost in *something* he was trying to find his way out of. His hands struggled to grasp the smooth surface of the countertop, body shifting slightly with every thrust, and an endless stream of moans poured out of his parted lips with total abandon.

From the corner of his eye, Tucker registered the frantic movement of Vlad's free hand erratically jerking up and down Danny's stomach. He grimaced at that all-too-familiar motion, recognizable from his lonely nights while in the comfort of his own room. It made him lurch, gagging as bile started to rise to his throat. As if that was the final nail in his deep, dark coffin, he finally acknowledged what was happening.

Vlad Masters and Danny Fenton, Tucker's most special friend, were having sex.

Tucker covered his mouth again, weakness seizing his body. He leaned away from the door and doubled over as he squeezed his eyes shut. The world was crashing down on him, crumbling the beautifully painted image of his best friend. When had this started happening? *Why* was it happening? What about all the girls he and Danny would chase after? What about Vlad being over forty years old? What about Vlad being *evil*? They both hated each other, didn't they?

Why, why, why…?

Tucker blamed himself. He wasn't supposed to be here. He wasn't supposed to know about this—this vastly different side of Danny. How would he able to look at his friend straight in the face later, or ever again, after this? Even if he and Danny had been best friends since forever, and they would tell each other basically everything, there were some things that he simply wasn't meant to be aware of. He wished so badly that he could go back in time and not act on his impulses. To be a good kid and follow the rules like he was *supposed* to—like Vlad had said. He'd do anything to see his loving friend in that picture perfect depiction of him again. *Anything.*

But it was too late, much too late, and it was all *his* fault.

"Vlad…"

Tucker heard Danny's hoarse, pained whine, but this time he didn't care to look up, not wanting to see what was beyond his stall any more than he already had

“I…c-cumming…”

“That’s my boy…” Vlad’s own strained voice came out in a sultry whisper, like it was only meant for Danny’s ears, but still loud enough for anyone in the room to hear.

The echoes of frantic skin clapping came to a sudden halt and a line of short gasps and grunts followed shortly after. Tucker couldn’t distinguish who they were coming out of, and he didn’t *want* to know. He leaned back against the wall, hand tightly covering his mouth so hard it physically hurt. His arm wrapped around his stomach, hand clutching his all but forgotten PDA—the very thing that got him stuck in this foul situation in the first place.

Is it finally over…?

Vlad tsked after a few moments of labored breathing. “Filthy little badger.”

“Says you! You squirted your stuff all over my stomach.” Danny let out a sound of disgust. “And what was up with all that gross talk? Crazy fruit loop.”

“Hm? Oh, my apologies. I must’ve gotten lost in the heat of the moment.” Tucker guessed Vlad had started to redress due to the sound of metal clicking into place. “You know, I’ve been having to use my handkerchief more frequently when I’m around you.”

“Vlad, you really need to practice your smooth talk. But, um, got any more of those handkerchief things? I could definitely use one over here.” Danny chuckled, the action and tone similar to when he would embarrass himself in front of a cute girl in days past. Tucker almost wanted to cry.

“I never carry more than one, something I should change soon, I suppose.” Vlad sighed, as if reminiscing. “But perhaps *something else* in this room can help.”

Tucker heard his voice getting closer along with the sound of footsteps and he panicked for the thousandth time in that same hour, shifting to the far

corner of the stall where the only way anyone could know he was there was if they leaned down to look for his feet through the gap at the bottom of the door…*or* if a certain *ghost* decided to walk right through it.

What is he doing? Is that sicko really gonna expose me in front of Danny? After everything that just happened?

Tucker listened intently, his stomach and chest tightening as he mentally prepared himself for the worst.

Danny, I'm so sorry!

He heard the creak of the bathroom door next to his stall open and the toilet paper dispenser being used before the footsteps retreated. Tucker remained tense.

"Allow me."

No words were spoken as faint rustling and more metal clinking filled the room. Then, a metallic squeak followed by a momentary spray of water. And finally, the loud ringing of the school bell, causing Tucker to jolt harshly and nearly drop his PDA.

"Ah, just in time for your next class. We're quite good at this, aren't we?" Vlad chuckled. "Goodness, Daniel, do you not know how to properly tie a tie? Come here." His voice was tender, uncannily absent of any previous malice during their copulation.

"Thanks. Ugh, I wish it was P.E. At least then I'd be able to take a shower." Danny groaned. "I *hate* math. Can't you let me skip that one too? We can stay here—and I know I'm not good at it yet but, um, I can use my mouth if you want…" His voice trailed off quietly, hinting his shyness.

Tucker didn't know how much more he could take. The inappropriate words coming out of Danny, in *his* voice—the same voice that had previously asked him if he wanted to grab some burgers after school or play the latest video game at his house—it was pure unadulterated torment for Tucker. His heart sank.

“A tempting offer.” Vlad sighed again, the action sounding more akin to disappointment this time around. “Alas, I’m not nearly as young as you are, my dear boy. As much as you fire me up, the refractory period for me is quite an obstacle, you see.”

“Uh, the *re*-what?”

“Really?” Vlad scoffed. “I should implement a sexual education course at this school while I’m in charge.” Tucker cringed when he heard a soft smack of lips, “Perhaps another time, Daniel. Those grades of yours really are atrocious and they desperately require your attention.”

“What’re you, my dad?” Danny teased. “Oh, um, ew. Never mind, forget I asked that.”

“How dare you compare me to such," Vlad huffed. "Come along, then. You mustn’t be late."

“Fine.” Danny said, whining.

Their conversation continued with Danny complaining about something or other and Vlad replying with witty remarks, their voices fading away as a pair of footsteps pattered against the floor, gradually getting quieter. The main door to the bathroom squeaked and the room fell eerily silent. Tucker waited there in the corner for an extra minute, to fully calm himself down and to play it safe, making sure he had really been left alone. The way his clothes shifted as he leaned down to look for any signs of dress shoes sounded impossibly loud to his ears.

He’s a ghost too, stupid! What if he’s floating there…waiting for me? I can’t stay here forever though.

Tucker leaned back up and put his PDA away in his bag. With shaky steps and hands, he unlocked the door, peeked his head out, and cautiously looked around—using all his senses to carefully observe his surroundings.

It doesn’t feel like there’s a ghost around. Maybe he really did leave. Oh, thank you. Thank you! But no time to think right now. I gotta get to class

before I'm really done for!

He was supposed to be gone for only a few minutes, not the rest of the class period. Tucker knew his parents would find out about this one, and aside from detention he felt a month's worth of parental house arrest coming up too. A whole month by himself to really think and fully analyze the traumatic experience he just had.

For now, though, Tucker forced his body and mind to focus, and he briskly walked out into the main hall. He turned to the faint sounds of his fellow peers chatting on the first floor of the school and started towards the stairs when a sudden firm hand on his shoulder stopped him in his tracks, making him squeak like a mouse caught in a trap.

"*You*."

I'm doomed!

Tucker turned face Vlad and offered him a shy smile, feigning ignorance. "Hey, how's it going Mayor Masters? Great seeing you here! Gotta say, the McMasters you're building is looking grea— "

"I trust you will keep your knowledge of today's *events* to yourself," Vlad interrupted.

He immediately cut off whatever confidence Tucker had left with a dark stare that sent a distressing shiver down his rigid spine.

Vlad leaned down so that his face was just inches away from his ear, and a wave of spices and musk overpowered Tucker's keen sense of smell. "You wouldn't want to upset *Danny*, now, would you?" he whispered cynically. "I'll even let you keep that silly device you have hidden away in your bag as a token of my gratitude for your…*cooperation*."

"Uhh…" Tucker's brain drew a blank, unable to respond with his fight or flight responses going through the roof.

But it looked like his dumbstruck reaction was more than enough to suffice because Vlad pulled back and flashed him a cold smile before straightening himself up and coolly walking past him.

Tucker, stricken still, turned his head and watched Vlad as he continued walking. He saw the movements of him smoothing out his suit as he got further away before eventually disappearing down the flights of stairs. Tucker slumped his shoulders, and his chapped lips forming a miserable frown. An image popped up in his head of Danny's face. A cheery, innocent grin complimented his bright blue eyes. It evanesced away, leaving Tucker to feel painfully hollow inside.

Danny, I'm so sorry…